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FEAR MAGAZINE

THE TOMB OF DRACULA

LORD OF VAMPIRES!

DOMINI IS
MY BRIDE!

NO ONE TAKES
WHAT BELONGS TO
DRACULA--

--AND
LIVES!

A SATANIC CEREMONY ERUPTS INTO THE UNBELIEVABLE,
DURING:

DEATH-RITE!

Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did* not die. Today, Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing, and Blade, the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

JYS63

BIRTHRITE: DEATH!

YOU LOOK
TROUBLED,
MY HUSBAND...
AS IF THE
BURDEN
OF MANY WORLDS
RESTS IN YOUR
HANDS.

IS THERE ANYTHING
I CAN DO TO **RELIEVE**
THE **ACHING** I SEE
IN YOUR EYES?

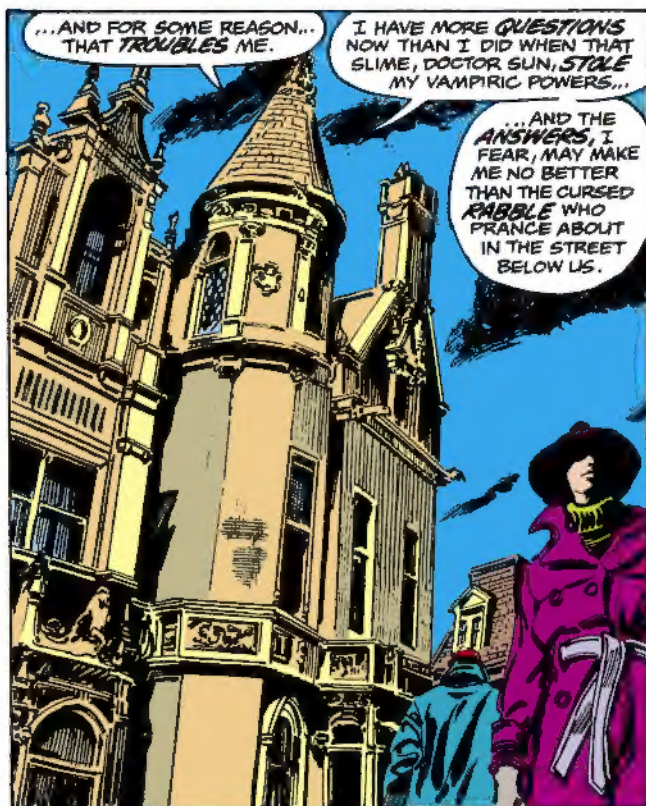
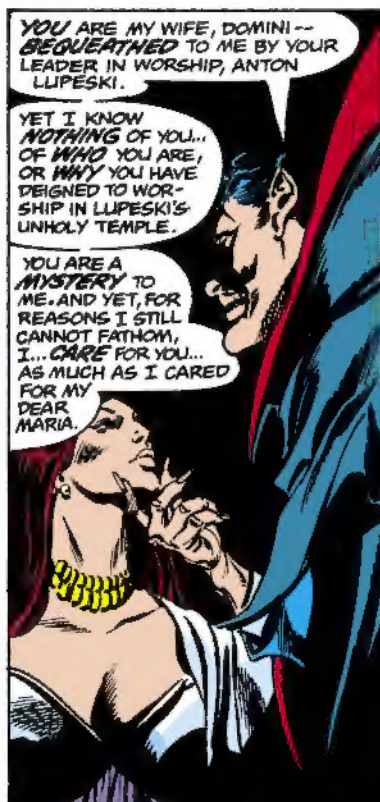
ACHING...?

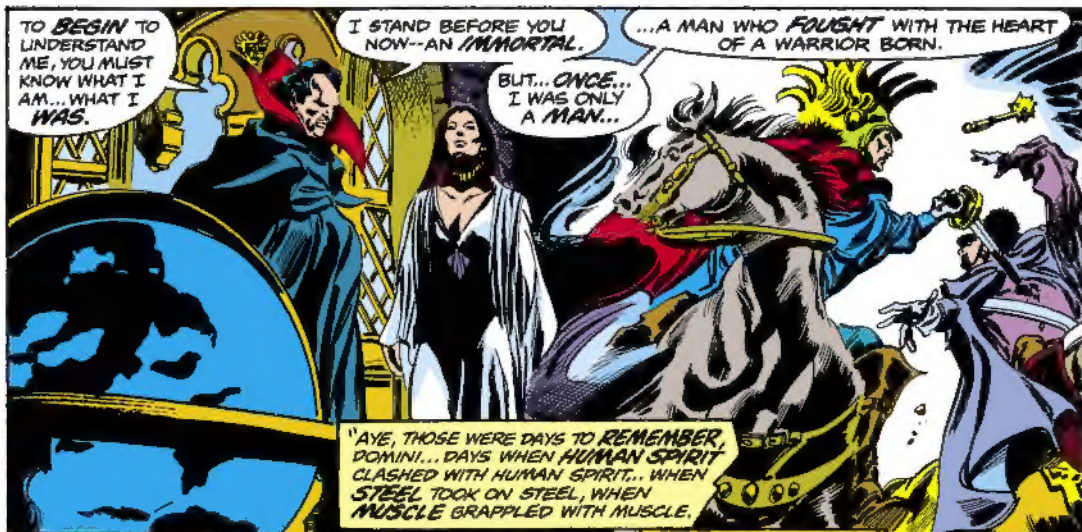
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TO *BEGIN* TO UNDERSTAND ME, YOU MUST KNOW WHAT I AM... WHAT I *WAS*.

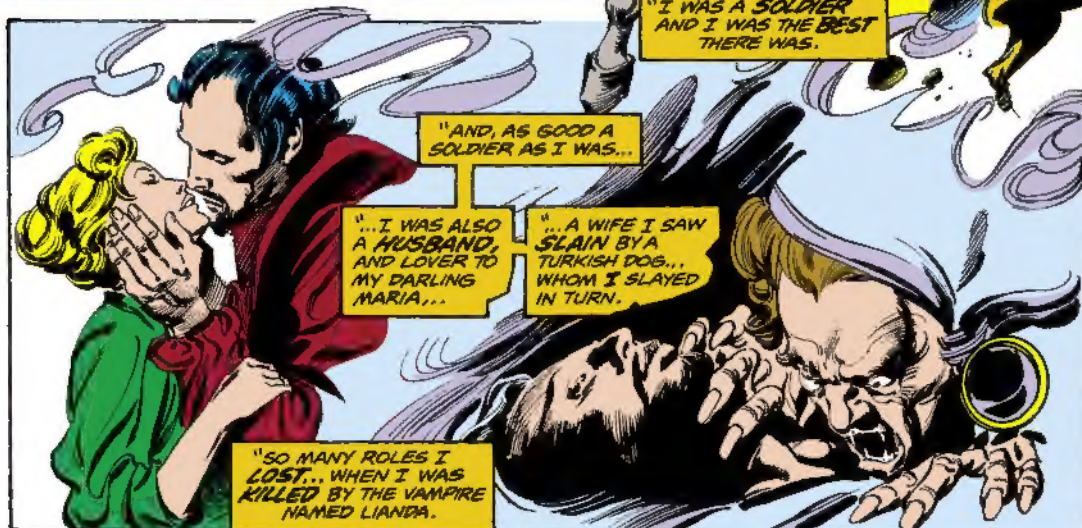
I STAND BEFORE YOU NOW--AN *IMMORTAL*.

...A MAN WHO *FOUGHT* WITH THE HEART OF A WARRIOR BORN.

BUT... *ONCE*... I WAS ONLY A MAN...

"AYE, THOSE WERE DAYS TO REMEMBER, DOMINI... DAYS WHEN HUMAN SPIRIT CLASHED WITH HUMAN SPIRIT... WHEN STEEL TOOK ON STEEL, WHEN MUSCLE GRAPPLED WITH MUSCLE.

"I WAS A *SOLDIER* AND I WAS THE *BEST* THERE WAS.



"AND, AS GOOD A *SOLDIER* AS I WAS...

"...I WAS ALSO A *HUSBAND*, AND LOVER TO MY DARLING MARIA...

"...A WIFE I SAW *SLAIN* BY A *TURKISH DOG*... WHOM I *SLAYED* IN TURN.

"SO MANY ROLES I *LOST*... WHEN I WAS *KILLED* BY THE VAMPIRE NAMED LIANDA.



THIS IS WHO I WAS *BEFORE* MY DEATH. SINCE THEN I HAVE BEEN *OTHER THINGS*.

BUT, IN TRUTH, CAN *ANY* STRAY FROM WHAT THEY ONCE WERE?



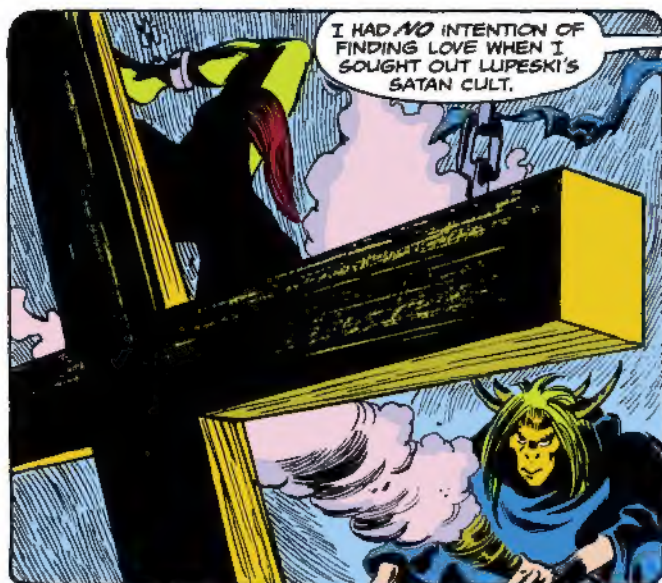
A *SOLDIER* I WAS... AND ONCE I SOUGHT TO *DOMINATE* THIS WORLD BY FORCE. *NOW* I SEEK TO DOMINATE THROUGH *THOUGHT*.

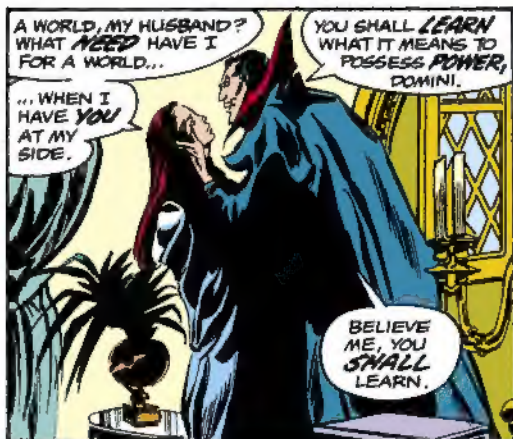


BUT, IN THE END...

...I *STILL* SEEK DOMINATION.

THAT IS *ALL* A WARRIOR *EVER* DESIRES.





A WORLD, MY HUSBAND? WHAT **NEED** HAVE I FOR A WORLD...

...WHEN I HAVE **YOU** AT MY SIDE.

YOU SHALL **LEARN** WHAT IT MEANS TO POSSESS **POWER**, DOMINI.

BELIEVE ME, YOU **SHALL** LEARN.



BOSTON AIRPORT...

I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING AFTER **DEACON FROST**, BLADE.

THAT'S REAL **TOUGH**, KING. **REAL** TOUGH.

INSTEAD, WE'RE WAITING HERE. **WHY?** IT'S TAKING UP TOO MUCH **TIME**.

BUT WE **WAIT** TILL MY WOMAN SHOWS UP. **DIS?**



AH, THERE SHE IS.

HEY-- **SAFFRON!**

BLADE!

LOOKIN' GOOD, BABE. WHATCHA BEEN **DOIN'** TO YOURSELF?



WOULDN'T **YOU** LIKE TO KNOW, BLADE?

AM I EVER GLAD TO SEE **YOU**, LOVER. LONDON WAS A DOWNRIGHT **DRAG** WITHOUT YOU.



WE CAN TALK **LATER**, SAF. C'MON. I GOT US AN APARTMENT IN **CAMBRIDGE**.

CARRY THE LADY'S **BAGGAGE**, KING. MAKE YOURSELF **USEFUL!**

BLADE! WE HAVE TO--

DON'T WORRY, KING. THERE'LL BE A **TIP** IN IT FOR YOU.



NOT BAD, HANDSOME. A BIT **EXPENSIVE** LOOKING, THOUGH.

NOTHIN' **YOU** CAN'T HANDLE, BABE. SAY, HOW LONG YOU GONNA **BE** HERE?

I'M **BOOKED** INTO A NIGHTCLUB HERE FOR A COUPLE OF **MONTHS**, BLADE...

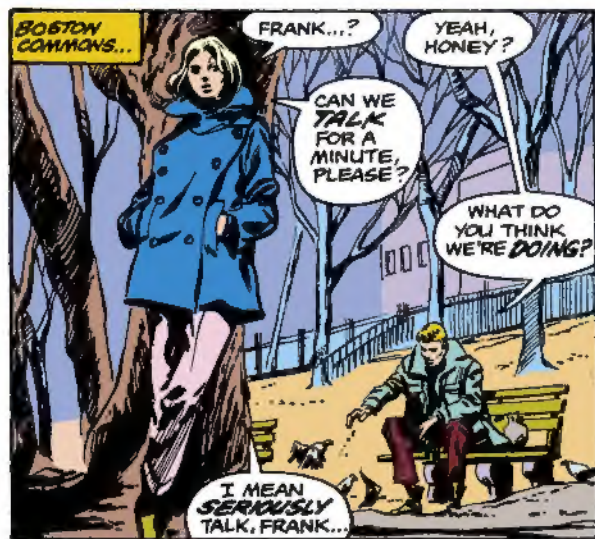
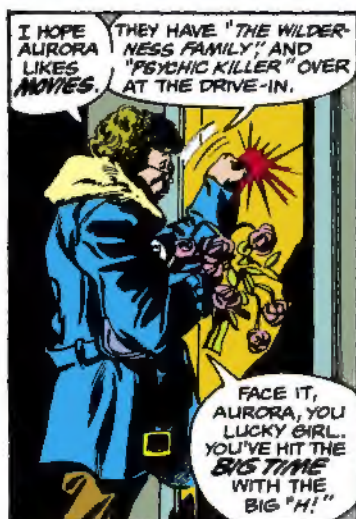
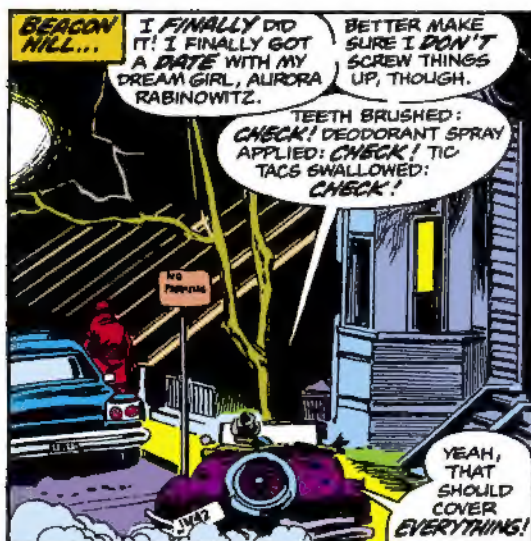
...OF COURSE, IF YOU GOT **OTHER** THINGS IN MIND, I JUST MAY BE **PERSUADED** TO STAY A BIT LONGER.

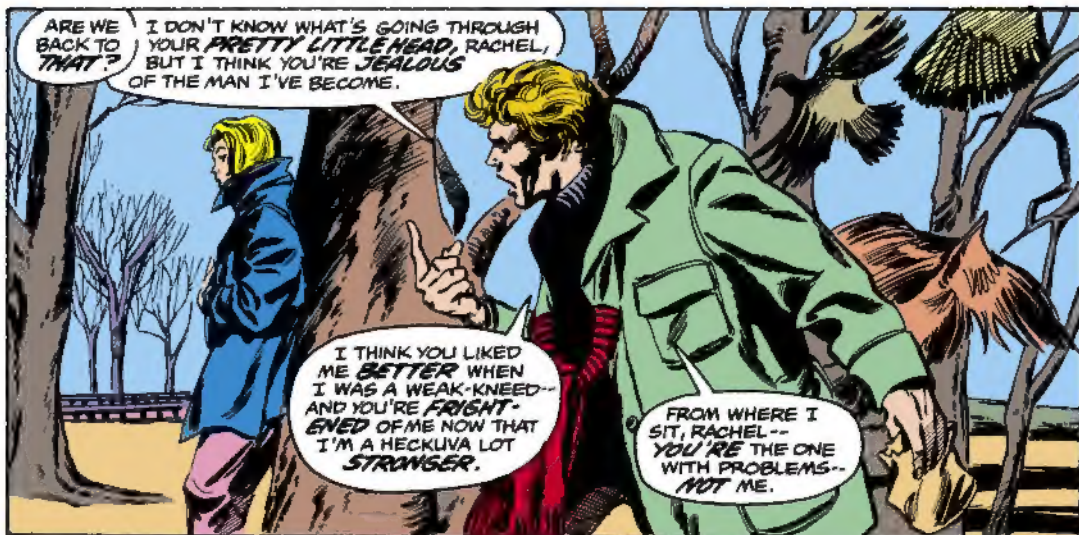


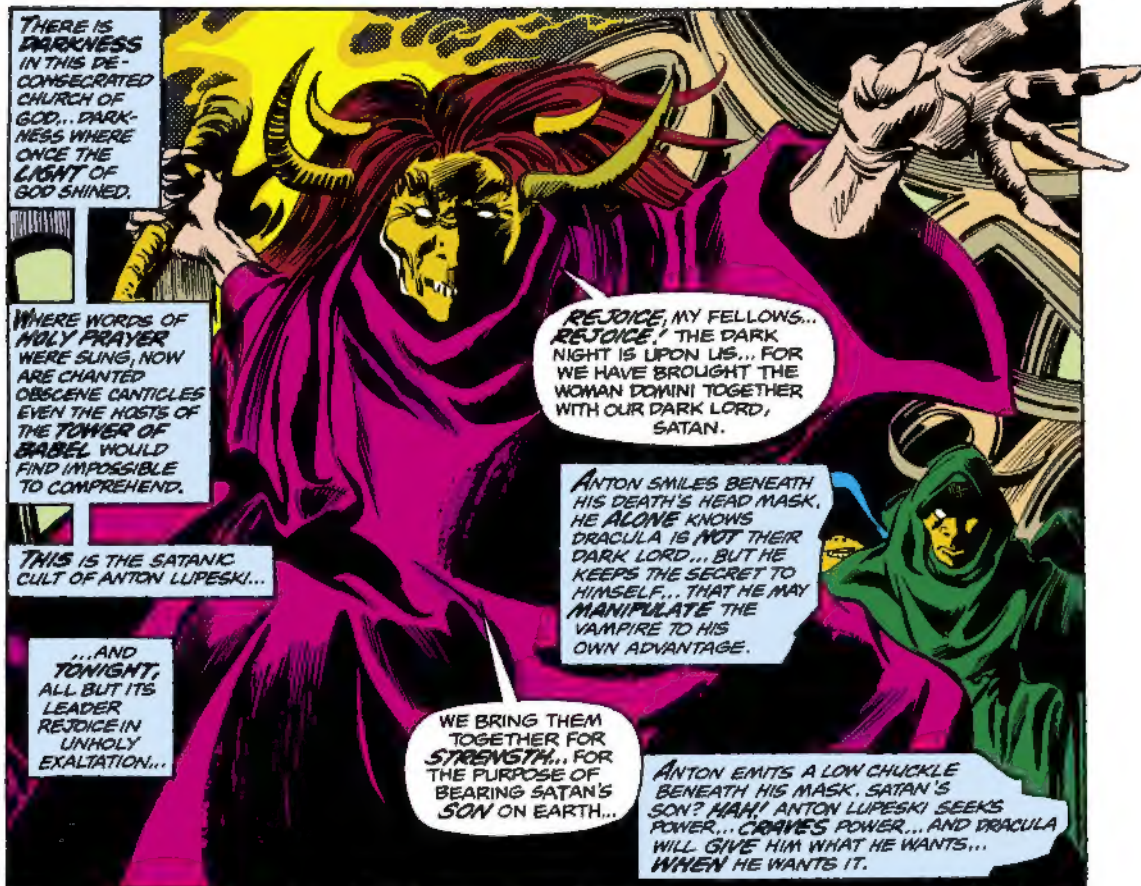
BLADE!

HEY, MAN-- GO ROB A **BLOOD BANK** OR SOME-THING, HUH?

KEEP YOURSELF **BUSY** FOR AN HOUR OR SO, WILL YA?







THERE IS DARKNESS IN THIS DE-CONSECATED CHURCH OF GOD... DARKNESS WHERE ONCE THE LIGHT OF GOD SHINED.

WHERE WORDS OF HOLY PRAYER WERE SLUNG, NOW ARE CHANTED OBSCENE CANTICLES EVEN THE HOSTS OF THE TOWER OF BABEL WOULD FIND IMPOSSIBLE TO COMPREHEND.

THIS IS THE SATANIC CULT OF ANTON LUPESKI...

...AND TONIGHT, ALL BUT ITS LEADER REJOICE IN UNHOLY EXALTATION...

REJOICE, MY FELLOWS... REJOICE! THE DARK NIGHT IS UPON US... FOR WE HAVE BROUGHT THE WOMAN DOWN! TOGETHER WITH OUR DARK LORD, SATAN.

ANTON SMILES BENEATH HIS DEATH'S HEAD MASK. HE ALONE KNOWS DRACULA IS NOT THEIR DARK LORD... BUT HE KEEPS THE SECRET TO HIMSELF... THAT HE MAY MANIPULATE THE VAMPIRE TO HIS OWN ADVANTAGE.

WE BRING THEM TOGETHER FOR STRENGTH... FOR THE PURPOSE OF BEARING SATAN'S SON ON EARTH...

ANTON EMITS A LOW CHUCKLE BENEATH HIS MASK. SATAN'S SON? HAH! ANTON LUPESKI SEEKS POWER... CRAVES POWER... AND DRACULA WILL GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS... WHEN HE WANTS IT.



ARE YOU WITH ME, MY FOLLOWERS?

"MY SHEEP," HE MEANS.

WE ARE WITH YOU, MASTER! WE ARE WITH YOU!

THEIR CANT IS LOUD, OVERWHELMING THE GUSTY LAUGHTER THAT GROWS FROM BENEATH THE DEATH'S HEAD MASK.



BUT IT IS A LAUGH NOT SHARED WITH THE DARK, SKULKING FIGURE MOVING SLOWLY ABOUT OUTSIDE THIS CHURCH OF THE DAMNED.

I'LL TEACH YA TO LEAVE ME! I'LL TEACH YA.

WITH THE ONLY THING YER IMPRESSED BY...

...VIOLENCE!





NOW, I AM SIMPLY DRACULA--WHICH IS ENOUGH FOR ANY MAN.

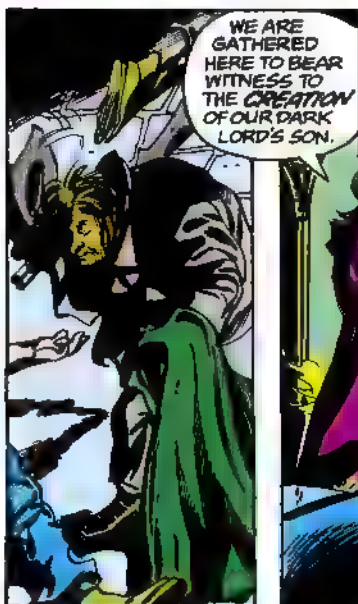
AND FOR NOW, YOU ARE SIMPLY DRACULA'S WIFE...



...WHICH IS MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR ANY FEMALE.

BUT, AS I HAVE SAID... THAT IS ONLY-- FOR NOW.

COME! IT IS TIME.



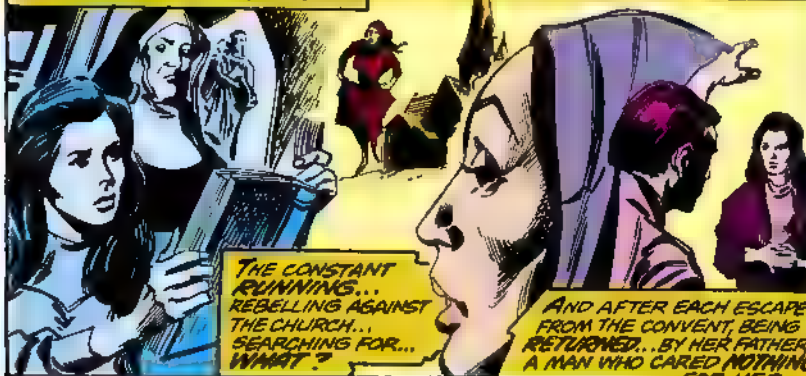
WE ARE GATHERED HERE TO BEAR WITNESS TO THE CREATION OF OUR DARK LORD'S SON.



DOMINI! YOU WILL BE HIS MOTHER... YOU WILL RAISE HIM FROM INFANCY TO MATURITY.

ARE YOU PREPARED FOR THAT TASK, DOMINI?

SHE DIPS DEEP INTO HER PAST, GRASPING FRAGMENTS OF MEMORIES-- THE CONVENT WHERE SHE WAS SCHOOLED... UNDER THE EVER-WATCHFUL EYE OF SISTER MARY-THERESA.



THE CONSTANT RUNNING... REBELLING AGAINST THE CHURCH... SEARCHING FOR... WHAT?

AND AFTER EACH ESCAPE FROM THE CONVENT, BEING RETURNED... BY HER FATHER-- A MAN WHO CARED NOTHING FOR HER.



AM I READY? YES!

THEN, LET THE CEREMONY COMMENCE!

CHANTING: BOILING
WORDS IGNITED IN
FLAMING RITUAL.

DRACULA FEELS
WARMTH FLOOD OVER
HIM FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN CENTURIES.

DOMINI
SCREAMS; A
LIVING TORCH.

LUPESKI SHOUTS THE
MYSTIC WORDS...THE SATANIC
DARK RITES OF BIRTH... AND
OF DEATH.

AND THE WORDS ECHO THROUGH
THE MADNESS OF THIS EMBRY-
ONIC INFERNO TO THE ONE
WHO SIMPLY WATCHES.

HE KNOWS THE FINAL OUTCOME WILL NOT
BE WHAT IS EXPECTED.
HE KNOWS THAT ON THE COLD NIGHT OF
DECEMBER 25TH... A DATE OF MOST IMPORTANT
HISTORY, THAT ANOTHER CHILD WILL BE BORN...
HE KNOWS THAT IT WILL NOT BE THE DEVIL'S
OFFSPRING.
HE KNOWS THIS DESPITE THE PAGAN IDOLATRY THAT
GOES ON HERE... AND MORE...
HE KNOWS WHAT THE CHILD WILL BE... AND WHAT THE CHILD WILL
BECOME. AND HE SMILES INWARDLY AT THE KNOWLEDGE.

HOWEVER, DRACULA AND LUPESKI KNOW NOTHING OF WHAT IS TO COME, AND SO, THE RITES CONTINUE...

IT IS DONE-- THROUGH THE SIXTEEN SORCERIES OF SATAN... THROUGH THE MYSTIC MAGICKS OF MEPHISTO, THROUGH WITCHCRAFTS AND WOODOO, THROUGH SPELLS ANCIENT AND ARCHAIC...

...THE CHILD HAS BEEN PLANTED!

GET AWAY FROM ME, YA MASKED MADMAN. I MAY'VE BEEN TOO LATE TA STOP THIS CRAZINESS FROM HAPPENIN', BUT I AIN'T TOO LATE TO STOP YA FROM DOIN' NOTHIN' MORE!

YA BLASPHEMED GOD, YA DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS AN' I'LL GET YA FOR THAT--

NO MATTER WHAT THE PRICE.

AGGHHH!!

WOOO!!

WHAT IS THIS MADNESS--?

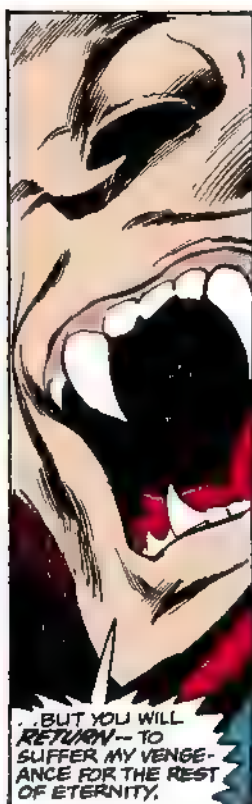
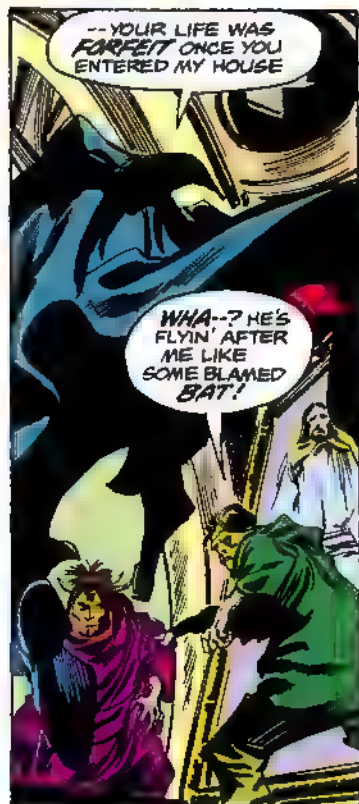
NO, YA SLIMY FIEND... BUT I'LL KILL YA STILL.

ONE OF LUPESKI'S FOOLS GONE INSANE?

HE SHOOTS AT OUR DARK LORD! STOP HIM!!

GET THE FOOL!

STAND BACK, CLODS! DRACULA WILL STOP HIM UNAIDED!









AND THIS IS HOW **ALL** WHO OPPOSE US WILL FIND THEMSELVES.

LEARN THIS WELL, MY MINIONS, SHOULD ANY OF **YOU** DECIDE TO TURN ON YOUR DARK LORD.

PREPARE YOURSELF, DOMINI. WE RETURN **HOME** NOW.



HE **WASN'T** A TRAITOR, MY HUSBAND!

EH? THEN **WHO** WAS HE, DOMINI?



HE WAS... **IS...** HE CAME HERE TO TAKE ME **HOME** AGAIN... AS HE DID **EVERY** TIME I STRAYED FROM HIM.

I GUESS...IN HIS **OWN** WAY... HE **LOVED** ME.



BUT I LEARNED THAT **TOO** LATE.



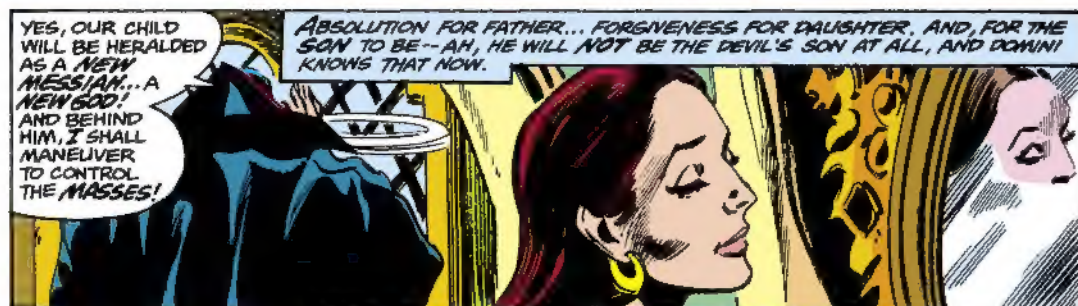
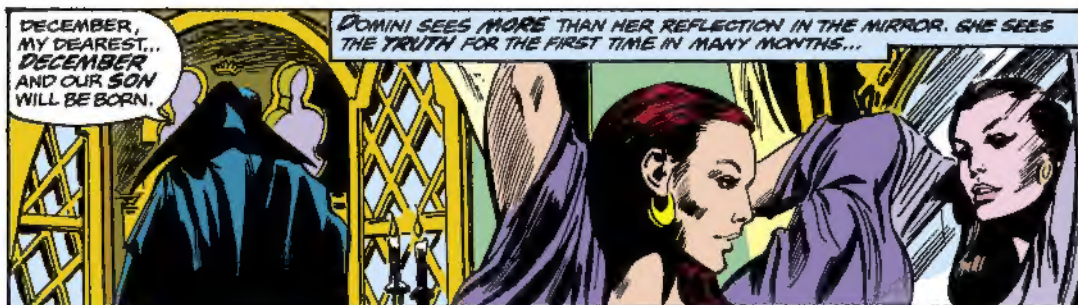
DIDN'T I--?



LET US **GO**, DRACULA. LET US **GO HOME** NOW.

EVERYTHING THAT **SHOULD** BE DONE HERE... **HAS** BEEN DONE.

...AND RESTS NOW IN MOST **CAPABLE** HANDS.



NEXT: A DYING SONG FOR MARIANNE! PLUS: BLADE and HANNIBAL KING!